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A N
Evening CONTEMPLATION
IN A
COLLEGE.

Being a PARODY on the

X Lady (Thy)
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E L E G Y
IN

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A Country Church-Yard.

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION

COLLEGE

Being a PARODY on the

Y

A Country Church-yard



A N

Evening CONTEMPLATION

I N A

COLLEGE.

TH E Curfew tolls the Hour of closing Gates,
With jarring Sound the Porter turns the Key,
Then in his dreary Mansion slumb'ring waits,
And slowly, sternly quits it---though for Me.

Now shine the Spires beneath the paly Moon,
And through the Cloyster Peace and Silence reign,
Save where some Fidler scrapes a drowsy Tune,
Or copious Bowls inspire a jovial Strain :

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Save

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled Room,
 Where lies a Student in profound Repose
 Oppress'd with Ale, wide-echoes through the Gloom
 The droning Music of his vocal Nose.

Within those Walls, where through the glimm'ring Shade
 Appear the Pamphlets in a mould'ring Heap,
 Each in his narrow Bed till Morning laid,
 The peaceful Fellows of the College sleep.

The tinkling Bell, proclaiming early Prayers,
 The noisy Servants, rattling o'er their Head,
 The Calls of Business and domestic Cares
 Ne'er rouse these Sleepers from their downy Bed.

No chattering Females crowd their social Fire,
 No Dread have they of Discord and of Strife ;
 Unknown the Names of Husband and of Sire,
 Unfelt the Plagues of matrimonial Life.

Of

Oft have they bask'd along the sunny Walls,
 Oft have the Benches bow'd beneath their Weight :
 How jocund are their Looks when Dinner calls !
 How smoke the Cutlets on their crowded Plate !
 O let not Temperance, too-disdainful, hear,
 How long their Feasts, how long their Dinners last ;
 Nor let the Fair with a contemptuous Sneer
 On these unmarried Men Reflections cast.

The splendid Fortune and the beauteous Face
 (Themselves confess it and their Sires bemoan)
 Too soon are caught by Scarlet and by Lace :
 These Sons of Science shine in Black alone.

Forgive, ye Fair, th' involuntary Fault,
 If these no Feats of Gayety display,
 Where through proud *Ranelagh's* wide-echoing Vault
 Melodious *Frafi* trills her quavering Lay.

Say, is the Sword well suited to the Band,
 Does 'broider'd Coat agree with fable Gown,
 Can *Dresden's* Laces shade a Churchman's Hand,
 Or Learning's Votaries ape the Beaux of Town?

Perhaps in these Time-tottering Walls reside
 Some who were once the Darlings of the Fair;
 Some who of old could Tastes and Fashions guide,
 Controul the Manager and awe the Player.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant Mind,
 With *Rome's* rich Spoils and Truth's exalted Views;
 Fir'd them with Transports of a nobler Kind,
 And bade them flight all Females---but the Muse.

Full many a Lark, high-towering to the Sky,
 Unheard, unheeded, greets th' Approach of Light;
 Full many a Star, unseen by mortal Eye,
 With twink'ling Lustre glimmers through the Night.

Some

Some future HERRING, who with dauntless Breast
 Rebellion's Torrent shall like him oppose ;
 Some mute, unconscious HARDWICKE here may rest,
 Some PELHAM, dreadful to his Country's Foes.

From Prince and People to command Applause,
 'Midst ermin'd Peers to guide the high Debate,
 To shield *Britannia's* and Religion's Laws,
 And steer with steady Course the Helm of State,
 Fate yet forbids ; nor circumscribes alone
 Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confines ;
 Forbids in Freedom's Veil t'insult the Throne,
 Beneath her Mask to hide the worst Designs,
 To fill the madding Crowd's perverted Mind
 With " Pensions, Taxes, Marriages, and Jews ;
 Or shut the Gates of Heaven on lost Mankind,
 And wrest their darling Hopes, their future Views.

Far

Far from the giddy Town's tumultuous Strife,
 Their Wishes yet have never learn'd to stray ;
 Content and happy in a single Life,
 They keep the noiseless Tenor of their Way.

Ev'n now their Books from Cobwebs to protect,
 Inclos'd by Doors of Glass, in *Doric* Style,
 On polish'd Pillars rais'd, with Bronzes deck'd,
 They claim the passing Tribute of a Smile.

Oft are the Authors' Names, though richly bound,
 Mis-spelt by blundering Binders' Want of Care ;
 And many a Catalogue is strow'd around,
 To tell th' admiring Guest what Books are there.

For who, to thoughtless Ignorance a Prey,
 Neglects to hold short Dalliance with a Book ?
 Who there but wishes to prolong his Stay,
 And on those Cases casts a lingering Look ?

Reports

Reports attract the Lawyer's parting Eyes,
 Novels Lord *Fopling* and Sir *Plume* require ;
 For Songs and Plays the Voice of Beauty cries,
 And Sense and Nature *Grandison* desire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd Compeers
 Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate,
 If 'chance, with prying Search, in future Years,
 Some Antiquarian shall enquire thy Fate,

Haply some Friend may shake his hoary Head,
 And say, ' Each Morn, unchill'd by Frosts, he ran,
 ' With Hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy Bed,
 ' To reach the Chapel ere the Psalms began.
 ' There in the Arms of that lethargic Chair,
 ' Which rears it's Moth-devoured Back so high,
 ' At Noon he quaff'd three Glasses to the Fair,
 ' And por'd upon the News with curious Eye.

' Now

‘ Now by the Fire, engag’d in serious Talk,
‘ Or mirthful Converse, would he loitering stand ;
‘ Then in the Garden chose a sunny Walk,
‘ Or launch’d the polish’d Bowl with steady Hand.
‘ One Morn we miss’d him at the Hour of Prayer,
‘ Beside the Fire, and on his favourite Green ;
‘ Another came, nor yet within the Chair,
‘ Nor yet at Bowls, nor Chapel was he seen.

‘ The next we heard that in a neighbouring Shire
‘ That Day to Church he led a blushing Bride ;
‘ A Nymph, whose snowy Vest and Maiden Fear
‘ Improv’d her Beauty, while the Knot was tied.

‘ Now by his Patron’s bounteous Care remov’d,
‘ He roves, enraptur’d, through the Fields of *Kent* ;
‘ Yet, ever mindful of the Place he lov’d,
‘ Read here the Letter which he lately sent.

The

The L E T T E R,

- " In rural Innocence secure I dwell,*
" Alike to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
" Approving Conscience cheers my humble Cell,
" And social Quiet marks me for her own.
" Next to the Blessings of Religious Truth,
" Two Gifts my endless Gratitude engage ;
" A Wife, the Joy and Transport of my Youth,
" A Son, the Pride and Comfort of my Age.
" Seek not to draw me from this kind Retreat,
" In loftier Spheres unfit, untaught to move ;
" Content with calm, domestic Life, where meet
" The Smiles of Friendship and the Sweets of Love."

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F I N I S.

The L E T T E R

- " In rural innocence secure I dwell ;
" Alike to Fortune and to Frowns unknown ;
" Appointing Conscience cheer my humble Cell,
" And social Quiet marks me for her own.
" Next to the Blessings of Religious Truth,
" Two Gifts my earliest Gratitude engage ;
" A Wife, the Joy and Treasur'd of my Youth,
" A Son, the Pride and Comfort of my Age.
" Seek not to draw me from this kind Retreat,
" In loftier Spheres my Unattain'd is met ;
" Content with calm domestic Life, content to stay,
" The Smiles of Friendship and the Sweetness of Love."

F I N I S